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Keystone Watch Case Company,
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the oldest, largest, and most complete Watch Case factory in the world—1500 employees; 2000 Watch Cases daily.

One of its products is the celebrated

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which are just as good as solid cases, and cost about one half less.

Sold by all jewelers, without extra charge for Non-pull-out bow. Ask for pamphlet, or send to the manufacturers.

AN ITALIAN CHURCH.

A HOUSE OF WORSHIP CALLED
"CHURCH OF THE RAGPICKERS."

It is the queerest place of the kind in New York and probably in the country. There sons and daughters of Italy combine Religion and Business.

Not many New Yorkers have ever heard of the "Church of the Ragpickers." In the neighborhood of Roosevelt street, where it is located, this is the familiar name of the Roman Catholic church of St. Joachim, of which Father Vincini is the pastor. The members are Italians exclusively, inhabitants of the densely populated district roundabout, and as some of them are ragpickers and have rented the lower half of the church for the storage of their goods the nickname which designates the church as the peculiar place of worship of this class came into use.

Years ago, when Roosevelt street was not so squalid and as overflowing with human beings as it is today, this church belonged to a Methodist Episcopal congregation. There were merchants, solid men of down town New York, living there, and the neighborhood was eminently respectable.

Now the church stands with a cheap lodging house on one side and a typical slum grocery store on the other. A nest of tough saloons are near by, up and down the street. Organized in 1888, the Italian population thereabouts grew so rapidly within a radius of a mile that the church has now one of the largest congregations in the city.

The building is of brick and is dingy and dirty. It is only by standing across the street that you can see a small cross on the roof, the only thing about the edifice that suggests its religious character. Looking in on the first floor, you will witness a curious spectacle. The whole depth and breadth of the floor is filled with rags. Rags loose, rags in piles and rags in bales ready for shipping are all about. Big cranes and chains for hoisting purposes run here and there. Half buried in these piles of rags are men, women and children—the men and women busy assorting rags and the fat, brown youngsters tumbling about in play or sleeping, as the case may be.

It is the biggest ragshop in this city. It is wholesale and retail in the sense that here the individual ragpickers of the town dispose of their wares, which are assorted and baled and sold for manufacturing purposes. The pastor of St. Joachim's rents this lower floor to the company that conducts this rag business at a good rental, and indeed were it not for that the mission would suffer.

Italians are very practical about their religion, when they care for it at all, and they are very slow at contributing to the support of the church and expect a good deal of religion for a very little money.

The church proper is on the floor over the ragshop, and this in itself gives an odd character to the services at times. On week days the men are at work in the basement when services are going on up stairs, and one can plainly hear them joining in the responses and chants during the celebration of the mass. While a reporter was there the other day one of the ragpickers in the basement sang a hymn to the Virgin while the services were going on, and his voice was of rare sweetness and purity.

At certain hours of the day laborers will come in, set their picks and shovels in a corner, and then join in the devotion. The peanut vendors and fruit stand keepers in the neighborhood allways attend the services for at least a few minutes each day. Bootblack waders in brief boxes on their backs and say a few brief prayers, and the Italian population generally comes and goes.

Six masses are said in St. Joachim's church every Sunday, and from 1,300 to 1,500 persons attend every mass, so that some 9,000 or more people worship in the little church every week. Father Morilli, who established this mission, and who conducted it for years, has been sent to New England to organize Italian churches there. His place has been taken by a younger priest, Father Vincini. The position of parish priest of St. Joachim's is that of a patriarch. Not only does he marry his parishioners, baptize his children and bury their dead, but he is their constant adviser in other matters. He settles their disputes of all sorts, from business differences to lovers' quarrels.

One trouble the priest has to contend with is the manner in which his charges get married. Coming from Italy, where civil marriages are the proper thing, the Italians believe that the same laws obtain here. As a result the Italian quarter is filled with professional marriage brokers and matchmakers.

They bring couples together for a fee, then steer them to the city hall, where two men have for years done a steady business securing aldermen to marry couples, in getting certificates for them and arranging all the details of city hall weddings. Father Vincini tries to impress upon his people that he will marry them for nothing at all, but they still flock to the city hall. Some of them buy pictures of the building and send them to Italy so that their friends may see the palace in which they were married.—New York World.

The only remains of the splendid French possessions in India are five towns.

DOCTORING SHIPS.

PARASITES THAT SEND OCEAN VESSELS TO THE HOSPITAL.

No Sore Protection For Iron Hulls Has Been Found—The Old and the New Methods of Construction—Something About Drydocks and Their Uses.

The sea is a grand and yet a treacherous mother to the thousands of ships that sail over its broad expanse, and after buffeting with its storms the ships must go to their hospital for repairs. This hospital is the drydock, and the doctors are the army of careful workmen who look over carefully and repair every faulty seam or broken rivet.

Salt water is teeming with parasites of plant and animal life that cling to the bottoms of ships, eat slowly yet surely through wood and iron alike or rust it away, while they act as a check on the speed by vastly increasing the resistance and friction of the water against the ship. The "gods of the storms" seem everywhere and pick out each weak seam or faulty rivet and slowly and surely eat into the vitals of the ship, so that every few months it becomes necessary to examine and repair the vessel. To do this she must come out of the water. The drydock is just a great box of wood, iron and stone, connecting with the sea by a great gateway. When the ship is ready to enter, the gate is shut and the water all pumped out; then the workmen, with practiced skill, place the blocks at the bottom of the dock for the keel to rest upon, taking the dimensions from the plans and drawings of the vessel. These in place, the dock is flooded again, the gate opened, and the ship hauled in. The gate is now closed again, and while the ship is slowly pumped out and the ship settles down the dockers pull her this way or that until she rests evenly on the keel blocks. Then shores, or heavy wooden beams, are braced from the sides of the dock to the sides of the ship, and as the water is pumped away the ship stands "high and dry," a veritable "fish out of water," the bottom, which was below the water line, covered with seaweeds and parasites that hide the defects they have caused.

Then the workmen scrape and scour the unwelcome barnacles and grass away, the seams and rivets are all examined and repaired, a fresh coat of paint goes on again, and as the dock is again flooded the ship rises from her hospital bed, and the wooden supports are knocked away until she floats out to sea again, "healthy and strong," to battle with the wind and sea and the enemies of the flag she proudly flies.

When wood was used almost exclusively in building ships, a very easy and convenient means was found to protect the under water portions of the ship from the insidious attacks of barnacles and parasites of plant and animal life. This was done by covering the whole bottom of the ship with a plating of thin copper, for the galvanic action of the salt water upon the copper was to convert the ship and sea into a vast battery, where the copper became the negative pole and was slowly yet constantly eaten away, the particles, as they fell, taking with them the barnacles and seaweeds as fast as they formed on the ship, thus keeping the ship's bottom and sides always clean, so that the speed was not cut down by dragging the barnacles and yards of seaweed through the water. Yet even then the copper needed repairs; faulty timbers rotted and crumbled away, so that every few years the ship had to go into drydock and be thoroughly overhauled, each faulty timber replaced and rusty bolt repaired until no inch of copper was left for the sea to work upon.

But with the advent of iron in the building of ships the old means failed, for where copper was placed over iron the iron became the negative pole of the great battery and was eaten away quickly, riddling the bottom of the ship with many leaks. Many devices were tried—the under water portions of the vessels were covered with a waterproof layer of wood, which was then covered with copper, but wherever there was any metallic connection between the copper and iron the whole force of the battery acted there, and holes were eaten in unexpected and inaccessible places, bringing in an element of uncertainty and enforcing great care in "sheathing" the vessels, as the coating of wood is called, and the ships still had to go more often than ever to the drydock.

Then the various methods of painting the bottoms with protective paints have been tried and are used in all of the cruisers of our navy. The skill of hundreds of chemists has been exerted to find a paint that would act as the copper does and throw off the barnacles and seaweeds. Great prizes have been offered, and a fortune awaits the successful discoverer of such a coating for ships, yet so far none has been discovered that acts completely, and the iron and steel ships which start from port with freshly painted sides and bottoms return in a few months coated with barnacles and sea weed, which, as it trails in the water, very materially cuts down the speed and power of the ship. Then she must be put in the dry dock and scrubbed and scraped and repainted. Still worse than the barnacles and the seaweed is the water itself when it finds an entrance, be it ever so small, through the paint to the steel below. Slowly but surely it rusts out a little pit, which extends sometimes almost through the plate before the paint scale drops off and discloses the defect, which can even then only be seen by putting the ship in dry dock and examining every square foot of her bottom plating.

This all shows how necessary it is for the ships to go to their "hospital" and how careful her "doctors" should be, for millions of dollars worth of property and millions of priceless lives are carried every year on these "messengers of the sea." The greatest docks in the world are those of the great shipping port of Liverpool.—Washington Star.

Soap tablets are the latest form of compressed merchandise. They come packed in pretty boxes, each tablet about the size of a lozenge. Naturally they are chiefly valuable in traveling, but the slippery cake of the home dish may conveniently give way to these small doses.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25¢ per box. Sold by all druggists.

French possessions in India are five towns.

NAPOLEON'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPES.

He Seemed to Live in a Charmed Circle and Went About With No Fear.

In reply to the question in what engagements he considered himself to have been in the greatest danger of losing his life Napoleon once said, "In the commencement of my campaigns." Indeed if further proof were demanded to show that he did not spare himself at Toulon it is only necessary to add that, during the 10 weeks of its siege, Napoleon, in addition to a bayonet wound in his thigh, had three horses shot under him, while at the siege of Acre during the expedition to Egypt he lost no fewer than four in the same manner.

During the last days of his life, when captivity, disappointment and sickness had well nigh completed their work, it is said that the agony of his fatal disease drew from him on many occasions the piteous cry of, "Why did the cannon balls spare me?"

During his long military career Napoleon fought 60 battles, while Caesar fought but 50. In the early part of his career he was utterly reckless of danger while on the battlefield, and this spirit of fearlessness contributed largely to the love and esteem in which he was held by his armies. There was a curious belief among the English in Napoleon's time that he had never been wounded, and indeed the report was current that he carried off not in a cowardly manner, refrained from exposing himself. Nothing could be more contrary to the truth, for he was in reality several times severely wounded, but as he wished to impress upon his troops the belief that good fortune never deserted him, and that, like Achilles, he was well nigh invulnerable he always made a secret of his many dangers. He therefore enjoined once for all upon the part of his immediate staff the most absolute silence regarding all circumstances to calculate the confusion and disorder which would have resulted from the slightest report or the smallest doubt relative to his existence. Upon the single thread of this man's life depended not only the fate and government of a great empire, but the whole policy and destiny of Europe as well.

Beards and Morals.

A policeman on duty in the Jefferson Market police court remarked that in the course of 18 years' service he had seen a great many men brought up on the charge of insulting women in the street or elsewhere. "They do not resemble one another much," he said, "except that in every instance they wear full beards. I don't remember of ever seeing a clean shaven, thoroughly smart looking man at the bar on that charge. Their whiskers are always trimmed to a point either, but always grow in a straggling or careless way. I have never noted any exception to this, and, so far as my opinion goes, I think that any man who gets up in the morning, takes a bath and shaves himself with a bit of cold steel is apt to start out and be decent, whereas the whiskered man is not. I read an article by Chauncey Depew once, in which he said that the passing of the cold steel over his face in the morning always drove the fanciful ideas of the night out of his head and straightened him out for a hard and sensible day's work. I guess there is a good deal in it, though I am not able to reason these things out as Mr. Depew does. But you can go bail for one thing, and that is, whenever you read in the papers that a man has been arrested for insulting women you can picture him in your mind's eye as having a shabby set of whiskers."—New York Sun.

It Cures Cancer.

Some years ago the state department at Washington received through the minister of Ecuador to the United States specimens of a plant known as curandango, found in the province of Loja, in Ecuador, to which marvelous qualities in curing cancer were ascribed. The physicians in South America reported on this substance and reported most wonderful cures. Its virtues are said to have been discovered by accident. An Indian had been suffering fearfully for a long time from internal cancer, and his wife undertook to relieve him by shortening his life by poison. For this purpose she selected the curandango, making a decoction of the bark. To her astonishment the first dose appeared to benefit the patient, and by the continuance of this remedy he was completely cured in a short time.—New York Advertiser.

Cost of Electric Cooking.

It has been shown by recent experiments that there is practically no difference in cost between cooking by electricity and by coal, while the advantages of the former method in point of comfort, cleanliness and safety are considerable. Of every 100 tons of coal burned in an ordinary cooking stove 96 tons are, it is said, practically wasted, whereas with electricity the expense is not so much on the fuel as on labor and interest on machinery.—Invention.

A Bottle Stopper.

If you want a stopper for a bottle of acid or any substance that would naturally call for a glass stopper because of the danger that the cork would be eaten up by the contents of the bottle, take the cork and steep it in vaseline. It will then be impervious to acids of any kind, and no action of chemicals will decay it. It will, in fact, be as good for all purposes as a glass stopper.—New York Dispatch.

An Uneasy Plaster.

"I want an uneasy plaster, sah!" The colored woman, whose head was done up in a bandanna handkerchief, turned fashion, offered a silver quarter of a dollar to the apothecary as she spoke. "I—er—don't think I understand you," replied the man behind the counter.

"It's an uneasy plaster I want," repeated the woman.

"What's that?"

"Uneasy plaster, sah."

"I don't know what you mean."

"The missus said I was ter git an uneasy plaster. Here's the money fer it."

The apothecary reflected for a moment and scratched his head. Then an idea seemed to break upon him.

"A porous plaster is the most uneasy kind of plaster I know of," he said.

"I'll give you one of those. If it's not right, you can bring it back and I'll refund the money."

The colored woman had brought it back about 15 minutes later. She also had a note from her mistress explaining that adhesive plaster, for a cut finger, was the article wanted. This, by the way, is a true story.—Washington Star.

A MODERN RALEIGH.

His Velvet Cloak Was Only a Bandanna, but His Spirit Was Right.

It is not true that manly chivalry is being starved out and replaced by mere politeness in these days. Some young men seem to have grown into a resemblance in usefulness and strength to the cigarettes that are ever present with them, and many young women are adopting the cutaway coat and the man's necktie, but the spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh has not vanished from the earth, and dainty womanliness doth still inspire chivalry.

She was a fair West Philadelphia girl who had just returned from a shopping tour in the city. She carried three bundles—two precious to be left for a delivery wagon—and a mackintosh and two boxes of candy also balanced in uncertain equilibrium about her. He was a big, plain, everyday workman, and his weapon was a pick, with which he waged successful war upon the cobblestones and the dirt of a badly mutilated West Philadelphia street. Three little strips of wood were supposed to be enough at the point where she dismounted from the car to enable foot passengers to cross the muddy thoroughfare, but just as she came opposite the man a little tilt of the filmy pontoon sent one of her daintily shod feet up to the ankle into a fine yellow mudhole, and when she drew it out it was a sight to make one weep. She could not go on without hopelessly soiling the edge of her skirt. She could not stoop for bundles. She stood in petrified perplexity. Then the spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh showed itself. The pick was dropped, and the man grabbed a little stick and said, "Wait, miss, an I'll clean yer shoe off." There seemed to be nothing else to do, so she waited.

The rest of the gang leaned on their picks and shovels and watched the scene out of the corners of their eyes. When he had done all the execution he could with the stick and quite a respectable pile of clay had been scraped from the small shoe, he whisked out a red bandanna handkerchief, a sort of substitute for Raleigh's crimson cloak, and, still kneeling before her, notwithstanding her protest that he would get it dirty, proceeded to clean the shoe with it. She thanked him and walked down the street with a little blush on her cheek. He touched his well worn hat and gazed after her for a few moments, then started the bandanna in his overalls pocket, saying, "It wasn't very clean anyhow," and was again a common laboring man.—Philadelphia Press.

The Smith Family Ham.

"The average citizen is fond of a piece of sweet ham, but it is an absolute waste to set before an uneducated palate a slice of a genuine old Smithfield that has been two years in curing," said Colonel Thomas Longley of Virginia. "The fame of the Smithfield ham has been spread to the remotest parts of the land, and I never yet knew a man who was cognizant of the merits of both that didn't prefer the product of old Virginia to the choicest that ever came from Westphalia. I can't describe the process of the former's treatment in detail, but I know it is enveloped in ashes a good while and subsequently buried in mother earth, where it stays for many moons."

"Some high flying epicures aver that a Smithfield should be liberally drenched with champagne while in process of cooking, but I don't think wine is at all necessary. My mode is to parboil it till the skin comes off easily, then put it in the baking pan and bake judiciously with vinegar and sugar. When it comes to the table it is the Olympian gods. Of course all the hams that bear the name do not come from the little town of Smithfield, for that little hamlet couldn't supply one hundredth part of the demand."

"A member of the universal Smith family, old Captain Isaac, for whom the town was named, and who was, I mistake not, a contemporary of General Washington, invented the process of curing that part of the hog in question, and today his imitators are scattered all over Virginia and Maryland."—Washington Post.

Greek Humor.

When, after Salamis, Xerxes was in full flight for Asia, and the overcrowded vessel, so the story ran, was laboring in the storm, Xerxes, getting frightened, asked the captain whether there was any chance of safety. "None," said the captain, "unless the ship is lightened of some of its passengers." Whereupon Xerxes, turning to the Persians, exclaimed, "Now is the time to show your loyalty to your king, for on your safety depends." And without a word the well trained courtiers made obeisance and leaped into the sea.

Thus unburdened the ship arrived at the land, whereupon Xerxes presented the captain with a golden crown for having saved the king's life, and then ordered his head off for having caused the death of so many noble Persians.—Westminster Review.

Artificial Glaciers.

An excellent object lesson has been given by Herr Koch, the German physicist, who wishes to illustrate the formation of glaciers to his students. He took a square tray, having a sloping gutter, down which yellow pitch, resembling colophony, which, like ice, is plastic under pressure and brittle under tension, was allowed to flow, the gutter being first lined with very hot pitch so as to give the main flow a better hold on the sides. Transverse fissures, like the crevices in a glacier, appear in the middle of the stream, and smaller ones join them from the edges. Where the bed widens longitudinal crevices are produced.—London Times.

A Terrible Thought.

Grace—"I don't know what I am going to do."

Ethel—"Why, what is the matter?"

Grace—"Why, Mr. Fourier of Paris was talking very earnestly to me in French last night, and I didn't quite understand him, as he spoke so impetuously. I replied, 'Oui, oui,' several times. It has just occurred to me that perhaps he was proposing.—Pick Me Up."

John G. Manger Editor of the Sunbeam, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov. 1882, while in the Mayor's office, N. Y., is laboring in his prison of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is as staple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be in every household. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O."

IMPURITIES IN FOOD.

They Are Not as Common as Many Persons May Suppose.

Singularly exaggerated ideas concerning the adulteration of food are very generally held, according to Dr. H. W. Wiley, chemist of the United States department of agriculture. Sand, for instance, is not sold with sugar—at least in the United States.

The granulated and lump sugars in the market are almost absolutely pure, powdered sugar sometimes, though rarely, contains a little flour or starch, and low grade sugars are impure chiefly through the molasses and water they are made to absorb in manufacture.

Not as good a report can be given of sirups. There is very little pure maple sirup, most of what is sold as such being a mixture of glucose or cane sirups, with a small proportion of the product of the maple, while in an imitation actually protected by a patent the maple flavor is given by an extract of hickory bark. Liquid honey is largely adulterated with glucose. Of comb honey, however, only 13 per cent of loaf, the organic salts formed by the corrosion of the lead being always poisonous. The common practice of coloring canned peas with copper is very objectionable.

The use of preservatives, such as salicylic acid, is not without risk, while an occasional source of danger is the development of nitrogenous bodies called ptomaines in preserved meats. The above are illustrations of the principal food adulterations, which, though bad enough, are insignificant in comparison with the startling reports that have been published. Much the greater part of foods we eat is pure and wholesome.

Don't Miss Your Incompetence.

So far as the audience was concerned. Von Bulow always made a point of doing exactly as he pleased. On one occasion when a Leipzig audience insisted on recalling him in spite of his repeated refusal to play again he came forward and said, "If you do not stop this applause, I will play all Bach's 48 preludes and fugues from beginning to end."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Gold Lined Caps Not In It.

A tall young man, with a pretty young woman, sauntered across Independence square yesterday afternoon when Old Sol was at his hottest. When they came to the ice water fountain, the young woman stopped and picked up one of the tin cups, and scanning it carefully she held it up to her companion and laid it quickly down again. The next thing was to slip off a small suede glove, and placing the pretty hand it fitted under the stream she filled its palm with water and drank from it three times. And the next thing

Castoria

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing.

It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children he world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.

Castoria allays Feverishness.

Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.

Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.

Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.

Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.

Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.

Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of J. C. H. Pitcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Notice to Non-Resident Land Owners.

To all Lot and Land Owners and Municipal and Private Corporations that will be Affected by the Ditch Improvement herein designated.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE, Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio, Sept. 3rd, 1894

In the Matter of Joint County Ditch Improvement No. 770, Petitioned for by J. G. Leffler.

Notice to Land Owners and Others.

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 16th day of Sept. A. D. 1894, J. G. Leffler et al. filed a petition with the Auditors of Putnam and Henry counties, the substance and prayer of which said petition is, that there exists a necessity for the deepening, widening, straightening and improving of a ditch, and said petitioners pray for the making of such improvement on the following route and termini, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the west side of the road near the east quarter of section 7, town 2 north, range 8 east, Putnam county, Ohio, at a tie ditch, running thence down to and along the J. H. Peterson joint county ditch between sections 7 and 8 and 5 and 6, town and range aforesaid, of Putnam county, Ohio, and sections 31 and 32 and 29 and 30, town 3 north, range 8 east, Henry county, Ohio, and terminating with its intersection with Hammer Creek ditch (so called) with a view to deepen, widen, straighten and improve, where found necessary.

That said petition is now pending, and that such proceedings have been duly and legally had, that it will be conducive to the public health, convenience and welfare, and that the line thereof is as the best route, and that duly appointed Engineer, C. N. Schwab, Esq., has filed in this office his report as required by law, and that as such Auditors of said counties, the undersigned have fixed the

19th day of September, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Council room, Leipsic, Putnam county, O., for the hearing of said matter and proceeding. The following appointment thereof has been made to you by the Engineer in his report, viz:

OWNERS NAME.

DESCRIPTION.

No. Acres.

Estimated Cost of Construction.

Estimated Cost of Location.

Estimated Cost of Right of Way.

Estimated Cost of Right of Way.

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A WOMAN HATER DISCOMFITED.